

# The News and Herald.

TRI-WEEKLY EDITION.

WINNSBORO, S. C. DECEMBER 13, 1887.

ESTABLISHED 1848

## Atlantis.

Somewhere beneath the waves a sunken town  
Lies nestled in a valley fair to see,  
There ocean trees of dazzling brilliancy  
In pearls of earth and coral rocks are grown;  
Unpaved the streets save by deep shadows  
thrown.  
From buildings tall, whose crumbling masonry  
Vies with the beauty of the scenery  
Translucent through the waters amber brown.  
All silence there. No sound of busy tread,  
No storms come nigh this city of the dead.  
Above the ships sail on, sometimes so near  
Their shadows glide down through the water clear.  
The sailors little think, far down those deeps,  
How silently long-lost Atlantis sleeps.

## "T'WAS SIMPLY EAT."

What a sight it was! An old wagon  
read, long fallen into disuse, led away  
into the depths of the woodland, and  
down this, with her fashionable skirts  
pinned up until a suggestion of the  
daintiest of hosiery was visible, a tiny  
wicker lunch basket in one hand, the  
other grasping the end of a bit of stick,  
the opposite end of which was firmly  
set in the capacious jaws of a great St.  
Bernard, Miss Jessamine Maure was  
speeding. Which enjoyed the romp  
most, the mistress or the dog, would  
have been difficult to tell; both cer-  
tainly pursued the sport with a wonder-  
ful zest. Miss Jessamine's cheeks were  
flushed to the color of roses, her eyes  
sparkled with an intensity of excite-  
ment, the sailor hat swung carelessly  
over her shoulder, and her hair, loosed  
from its usual stylish bounds, fell  
streaming down her back in glossy  
ringlets. The dog, not content with  
many exhibitions of his superiority in  
the way of fleetness, occasionally tug-  
ged at his end of the stick with a sud-  
denness that snatched it out of her  
weaker grasp, and then to the detriment  
of her gloves, but he evidently con-  
sidered it much pleasanter to submit to  
the gentle restraint, and always hast-  
ened to re-establish the connection.  
And he was therein a sensible old fel-  
low; for not a few of his intellectual  
superiors would have given a fortune  
to have possessed his hold on the end of  
that bit of wood.

It would have greatly surprised many  
of her prim city associates to have seen  
the fastidious Miss Jessamine Maure  
on that September afternoon. Her  
high record for irreproachableness in  
the matter of proprieties would have  
been considerably damaged, and grave  
doubts would have arisen concerning  
the sincerity of certain sentiments ex-  
pressed in the widely read "Ode to the  
Sublime in Nature," of which she was  
the distinguished author. How this  
usually demure person, if truly gifted  
with a soul for "the sublime in nature,"  
could so far neglect the grand old  
woods about her, now radiant with all  
the glories of early autumn, as to stoop  
to so frivolous amusement as that in  
which she was then engaged, would  
have passed all comprehension. But  
Miss Jessamine Maure, secure in the  
solitude of the forest, and animated  
with the sense of freedom which can  
only be appreciated by those whose  
lives are mostly spent in the confines of  
a city, little heeded the sublimity of her  
surroundings, and not infrequently  
broke the solemn stillness with a peal of  
laughter so merrily musical that the  
very birds were hushed into envious  
silence.

Such vigorous exercise as that, how-  
ever, must of a necessity soon out-  
wind one so little accustomed to it, and  
Miss Jessamine presently settled down to  
a walking pace, relinquishing the stick  
entirely to the dog, much to his evident  
chagrin.

They soon reached a spot in which  
any one blessed with an iota of poetic  
or artistic feeling must have halted. A  
small stream, that doubtless had its  
source in some swampy lake buried in  
the very heart of the woods, here flow-  
ed softly by, almost hidden, save where  
the road crossed it, by the growth of  
bushes on either hand. A bridge formed  
of rude planks, which had in its day  
been sturdy if not particularly ornamental,  
spanned the stream. Two slender  
poles, made fast to posts placed at each  
corner of the bridge, were the only  
guards on the sides of the structure,  
and against one of them Miss Jessamine  
leaned, partly to fully recover her  
silliant breath, and partly to enjoy  
the calm beauty of the scene.

It was glorious. Tall trees of every  
species lifted their heads above her,  
through the foliage of which the sun-  
beams glanced, subdued and golden.  
The birds, flitting to and from among the  
branches, chattered merrily to each  
other in their mysteriously musical  
dialect. The soft murmur of the stream  
sounded like the faint echo of a far off  
strain, sung by the breeze which faintly  
stirred the tree tops as it journeyed  
toward the north. Here, indeed, was  
"the sublimity of nature," personified.

The recent excitement calmed down,  
Miss Jessamine stood wrapt in medita-  
tive enjoyment. A distant look in her  
eyes bespoke the boundless realms to  
which her poetic soul was soaring. So-  
ciety, with its many mockeries, its fol-  
ies and frailties, was forgotten. The  
memory of the home in which her or-  
phaned childhood had been spent, full  
as it was of indignities and accusations

of pauperism—even the existence of a  
cruel aunt had faded away. The weary  
days and nights of toil in which her  
first literary efforts were made were in-  
distinct vapors in her mind, and the  
flood tide of success which was now  
bearing her on to prosperity gave no  
thrill of pleasure. All senses were ab-  
sorbed in contemplation of the scene  
about her.

She was suddenly brought back to  
earth by a loud bark from Carlo, who,  
not being gifted with the faculty of en-  
joying so engrossing a reverie, had  
wandered off in search of more active  
employment. His bark was soon an-  
swered by an angry exclamation from  
an unquestionably masculine source.  
In a moment more the crash of under-  
brush gave warning that something un-  
usual was up, and when Carlo burst  
into sight his footsteps were closely fol-  
lowed by the owner of the angry voice,  
who was still exercising it in epithets  
neither delicate nor complimentary to  
the dog.

Miss Jessamine was too much aston-  
ished and horrified to pay attention to  
the beast now crouching at her feet and  
growling defiance at his pursuer. She  
was more interested in the approaching  
stranger, whom she saw, in one woman-  
like glance, was young, passably good  
looking, very well dressed, bareheaded  
and provoked. She was perceptibly  
prepossessed in his favor. That he  
should seek to harm her pet, however,  
was a criminal offense in her eyes, and  
as he now drew hesitatingly near, look-  
ing sheepishly at the unexpected vision  
before him, her dignity rose considera-  
bly above par.

"I beg your pardon miss," he began,  
in an embarrassed manner. "I assure  
you I had no idea of a lady being  
near."

"And pray," she interruptingly re-  
torted, "though you had been quite  
alone, why should you wish to abuse  
my good Carlo?"

"Don't you see?" he inquired in an  
apologetic tone, at the same time point-  
ing down at the dog. "He has been  
playing the thief."

Miss Jessamine looked down, and the  
sight was so truly ridiculous that in  
spite of her efforts she could not repress  
a hearty laugh, which, being a natu-  
rally infectious one, was immediately  
joined in by the abashed plaintiff.

There between his great paws, all the  
impressive gentility crushed out of Carlo  
was still holding the stranger's silk hat!

"O, Carlo! you naughty villain!" Miss  
Jessamine cried, as soon as she could  
control her voice; "see what mischief  
you have done, you bad fellow! aren't  
you ashamed of yourself?" and she  
shook the dilapidated remnant in the  
animal's face. But Carlo, seeing the  
dimples still chasing each other over  
the cheeks of his reprover, only looked  
up knowingly at her, and wagged his  
tail in token of his enjoyment of the  
unfortunate but laughable incident.

"Tell me how it happened, Mr. —"

"Walton."

"Walton. I am indeed sorry that  
Carlo should have been so rude."

"It doesn't matter in the least."

"Maure."

"Maure, I assure you. I strolled out  
here from the hotel to enjoy the quiet  
woods. Unexpectedly discovering the  
stream, I thought to pursue my ex-  
ploration as far as its source, but, grow-  
ing tired, I lay down to rest under a tree  
some distance down the creek. Falling  
sound asleep, I was only awakened by  
your dog here (and stooped to pat  
Carlo's head in token of forgiveness,  
which that gentleman graciously ac-  
cepted, though with an air which show-  
ed that it came unsolicited), who was  
amusing himself with my hat which had  
lain beside me. When I tried to  
take possession of my property, he dis-  
played a socialistic spirit and decamped  
with it—which action, though it ag-  
gravated me at the time, I have now  
cause to bless him for! and he bowed  
very low as he emphasized this last  
clause."

"It is too bad, indeed," said Miss  
Jessamine, her heightening color show-  
ing that she was not impervious to the  
gentle flattery of the stranger, "and I  
must insist that you will permit me to  
make good the damage!"

"I could not hear of such a thing!"

"But I insist!"

"Then I can do nothing but submit,  
though with great reluctance, I assure  
you." And he really looked hurt.

"Will you give me your address?"

she asked.

"I am stopping at the Coldbrook  
house."

"Indeed! I arrived there last night.  
It is very fortunate!"

"For me I am sure!"

"It is very fortunate," she smilingly  
pursued, "that I may thus have an op-  
portunity of repaying the damage im-  
mediately."

"I beg you will not mention the sub-  
ject again," he said, deprecatingly.

"Are you ready to return?"

"In a moment," she replied. "I  
want to take one more view of these  
delightful surroundings." And she  
leaned back upon the rail again.

"The scene is truly charming," he  
assented, leaning back beside her, his  
arm (unconsciously, of course) resting  
upon the top of the rail, and touching  
her back.

At this juncture, Carlo, who had been

gradually growing more and more sus-  
picious of the increasing familiarity  
displayed by the young man toward his  
mistress, seeing his hand rest lightly  
against her shoulder (unknown to her,  
of course), broke into open resentment,  
and with an angry growl sprang at the  
intruder. Taken by surprise they both  
pressed back, and in an instant more  
the frail railing snapped, and all three  
were in the water!

The shallowness of the stream pre-  
vented the possibility of serious conse-  
quences, and beyond a cooling bath,  
which, under different circumstances  
would have been grateful, and a little  
mad that could do no ill, neither was  
damaged. Mr. Walton quickly regain-  
ed his feet and assisted Miss Jessamine  
up the bank; Carlo, meanwhile looking  
on in a very crest-fallen manner, as if  
he appreciated the mistake his jealousy  
had caused him to make. Miss Jessa-  
mine was at first considerably fright-  
ened, but it was wonderful what a  
soothing effect the pressure of the "res-  
cuer's" arm had. When they reached  
the road once more, and had an oppor-  
tunity of observing each other's plight,  
neither could resist the inclination to  
laugh at the supremely ridiculous fig-  
ures they cut.

"You must surely admit, Miss  
Maure," said Mr. Walton jokingly,  
"that the penalty you have paid for  
forming my acquaintance is sufficient  
to atone for whatever indebtedness your  
dog may have placed you under?"

"Have you not suffered equally as  
much?" she inquired.

"It is a suffering which can bear  
with great fortitude," he responded.

"But come," he continued, "you are  
wet and uncomfortable; let me assist  
you to the hotel."

Miss Jessamine had a suspicion that  
she could very easily make out with-  
out help, but her companion appeared  
so fully convinced to the contrary, and  
put his arm around her in such a plea-  
santly protective way, that she bowed  
to his superior judgment without any  
great amount of persuasion.

You all know how difficult it is to  
conquer a habit once it is formed. Mr.  
Walton, though, as a practical business-  
man he should have known better, con-  
tracted that habit then and there, and  
it has long since become chronic; only  
it is now indulged in with Mrs. instead  
of Miss Jessamine.

And Carlo? He has grown quite re-  
signed, and when the silly pair set baby  
on his back for a ride he struts around  
with quite a proprietary air.

## Ostrich Racing as Carried on in Africa—A Novel Pastime.

We were treated to an exhibition  
which was a novelty worth traveling  
miles to see—an ostrich race. Two  
little carts, the frames of which were  
made of bamboo and the wheels similar  
to those of a velocipede, weighing all  
the gear included, thirty-seven pounds,  
were brought forth and four very large  
ostriches trained to the business and  
harnessed abreast were attached to  
each one. The race course was a flat  
piece of country about four miles and a  
quarter in length; the distance to be  
traveled was four miles straight away  
and return. Two of the smallest spec-  
imens of African humanity ever seen,  
less than four feet in height and weigh-  
ing about seventy-two pounds apiece,  
Bojesmen, pure and simple, were se-  
lected as charioteers, and all was ready.  
I had been provided with a magnificent  
sixteen hands high English hunter,  
having a record placing him among the  
very best saddle horses of Cape Town,  
and was quarter way toward the turn  
of the course, pushing my fresh seat  
to do his best, when the feathered  
bipeds started, and before I reached the  
turn the ostrich chariots had passed  
me, going and returning like a flash of  
lightning. I did see them, and yet so  
quickly did they vanish into distance  
that a pen picture, valuable for its ac-  
curacy, cannot be given. The time  
taken at the starting point by several  
of the spectators was, for the four miles  
and return, nearly nineteen minutes,  
not very fast for ostriches, so they said,  
but too rapid for English hunters, I  
know.

## Dinah Speaks Out in Meeting.

While at service an old lady happened  
to sneeze, and, as nearly every eye was  
turned toward her immediately after  
she had sneezed, she felt very uncon-  
fortable. When she arrived at home  
she said to Dinah, her colored maid-of-  
all-work, who had accompanied her to  
the meeting: "Dinah, why didn't you  
take the blame of that sneeze on your  
shoulders? You should have made it  
appear as though it was you, not I,  
that sneezed." At the next meeting  
the old lady happened to sneeze again.  
The preacher paused in his discourse,  
and there was a slight titter among the  
congregation, which increased to a roar  
as the simple-minded but honest Dinah  
arose and remarked: "I take the blame  
of that sneeze that my mistress had just  
sneezed on my own shoulders."

A scientific expedition for the explora-  
tion of Africa is in course of organiza-  
tion under the charge of Dr. Emil Rie-  
beck. Much is expected of it. Herr  
Gottlob Adolf Krause will lead the party  
and see that the plans are carried out.  
The immediate object is described as  
the investigation of the languages and  
social condition of the inhabitants of  
the region about the Niger, Benue and  
Lake Tsad.

## TIBER SORTS OF WOMEN.

To Be Seen Almost Any Day on the  
Main Street of the Metropolis.

There are three distinct sorts of  
women to be seen on Broadway, which  
divides itself into three distinct streams  
of females, streams which flow within  
definite limits and rarely encroach on  
each other's territory. Women begin  
to be seen in numbers on Broadway at  
about forty-fifth street. Those women  
are New Yorkers, put et simple. On  
them are to be seen what are distinctly  
New York styles. This is the ground  
that fashion writers hunt for hints as  
to the styles of the coming season.  
They are slim, clean-limbed, with hair  
as smooth as satin and cut in little  
pointed bangs that are never curled and  
never have a hair out of place. They  
wear very rich and very simple clothes,  
with a fit and a finish that speaks of  
Paris, London and the very best dress-  
makers and tailors of that city. They  
never admit any eccentricities of dress,  
and are so severely costumed that they  
considerably resemble each other and  
would scarcely be called beautiful so  
much as chic. This stream flows down  
to Sixteenth street and there it stops,  
absolutely and at once, and one never  
sees a single woman of it below that  
part of town.

At Fourteenth begins a crowd of  
strangers. All along that thoroughfare  
the strangers are mostly from the small  
towns about New York, and provin-  
cialism has marked them for its own.  
Their clothes are echoes of past fash-  
ions, their bangs are flamboyant, they  
carry little hand satchels and cluster  
about the shop windows. At home  
against their own background they are  
very attractive looking, but against the  
radiant freshness and fine grooming of  
the New York girl they look not quite  
well kept.

After turning the Fourteenth street  
corner one begins to see the western  
and southern girls, who wear expensive  
materials that are well made but lack  
in style. This autumn one recognizes  
these girls by the bell-trope gowns that  
New York abandoned last spring.  
They are, as a rule, extremely pretty in  
picturesque, individual fashion. Particu-  
larly is this true of the middle-aged  
women, whose beauty of the face, and  
figure, and who have, many of them,  
dark eyes and thick dark eyebrows. They  
are neither so fair nor as rosy as New  
York women.

Below Eighth street the crowd  
changes for a third time and are native  
New Yorkers again. These are the  
women who work for their living, and  
may be seen in groups of two and three  
going home, anywhere between 4 and 7  
o'clock. These women have a good-  
looking sprinkling of elderly, meager  
features in dingy black, with anxious  
faces and little black bags in which  
they carry their lunch to the offices  
where they work. Many of them are  
pretty and many young. Their clothes  
are evidently selected with an eye to  
wear, the purchases evidently being had  
in mind whether the material would  
show spots and dust and whether it  
was the same on both sides, so that it  
would "turn." Their general appear-  
ance shows that they have been hard at  
work all day, and have had meager  
toilet appliances to repair damages be-  
fore coming out on the street. Many  
of them walk arm in arm, with a little  
independent, half-masculine air that  
they have insensibly picked up from  
their employers, and jostle through the  
hurrying throngs of men without not-  
icing them. They are pretty and  
lady-like, as a rule.

## AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

Married Six Times and Five Times  
Widowed.

The recent death of Mrs. Josephine  
Baxter, at her home in Trumansburg,  
near New York, recalls to those who  
knew her the remarkable series of vic-  
issitudes through which she passed  
during her eventful life. Her married  
life was an extraordinary one, and in  
detail reads more like fiction than a  
story of real life.

She was six times a bride and five  
times a widow. Born in Canandaigua  
in August, 1838, her maiden name was  
Josephine Tabor. Her father was one  
of the wealthiest farmers in Ontario  
county, New York, and she was his  
only daughter. As a child she was the  
acknowledged beauty of the neighbor-  
hood, and everybody who remembers  
her as a young lady recalls her particu-  
larly vivacious and delightful manners.  
In 1850, when Josephine was 18  
years of age, she was sent to the Pal-  
myra Academy.

Her affections were soon set upon an  
impecunious but smart young teacher  
in the academy, named James Odell,  
and one night in December, 1857, she  
eloped with him. In 1858 he died, and  
she maintained herself by her needle  
until February, 1860, when she quietly  
married Clarence W. Cushman, a bac-  
chelor pork-packer at Cincinnati. She  
was then only 22, and, notwithstanding  
her hard toil for a livelihood and her  
privations, was as handsome and viva-  
cious as ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Cushman went to Eu-  
rope in 1862. In Rome the husband  
caught the Roman fever, of which he  
suddenly died. The young woman,  
again a widow, returned to America.

In June, 1866, she was married at

NYACK, N. Y., to Lieutenant Oscar D.  
Williams, of the United States Army,  
and went with him to live at Fort  
Sully, Dakota. They lived happily  
together and Mrs. Williams became a  
favorite of all at the fort. In August,  
1867, her husband was drowned while  
in bathing, and his wife became a  
widow for the third time.

Her father, who had heard of his  
only daughter's misfortunes, begged of  
her to return to her former home and  
be forgiven, but she still felt the sting  
of her refusal to recognize her first mar-  
riage, and once more began earning her  
own livelihood. For two years she was  
a governess in the family of a Louis-  
ville merchant. She married Ray, Ed-  
ward Lukes, at Covington, Ky., in  
1869. Her husband was sent a little  
later as a Presbyterian missionary to  
India, and she accompanied him. They  
made their home successively in India,  
Hong Kong and Honolulu, in each of  
which places Mrs. Lukes was well  
known for her devotion to her husband,  
who was a consumptive, and for her  
assistance in his missionary labors. Mr.  
Lukes died in the Sandwich Islands in  
1874, and his widow made her way  
back to America with her husband's  
body.

For a year she made her home with  
her brother near Palmyra and then re-  
moved to Philadelphia, where she en-  
tered a private hospital as a nurse.  
Her slender finances had been exhausted  
and she was then very poor. Among  
the patients to whom she ministered  
was Graham P. Esty, a sugar and mol-  
asses merchant at New Orleans. He  
fell desperately in love with his nurse,  
and after weeks and months of a very  
warm courtship, married her March 18,  
1878. Their happy home at New Or-  
leans was broken up by her husband's  
failure the next year and his suicide by  
shooting while in the depths of despair  
because of his financial losses.

Left a widow for the fifth time and  
broken in health and spirit, Mrs. Esty  
returned to her brother's home a few  
weeks after her husband's death. For  
several months she was very ill, and  
was convalescing when her father died  
of old age and exhaustion. Until 1881  
she lived alone with her brother, and  
about that time became acquainted with  
Albert M. Baxter, from Nevada. They  
were married at Palmyra in 1882. The  
couple spent over a year in travel, in  
Europe and Egypt, and lived at the  
hotels in New York for several months.

During the past year Mr. Baxter has  
been engaged in building a magnificent  
mansion, costing over \$100,000, for  
their occupancy, near Ilmenau. It was  
their intention to spend their remain-  
ing days there, and Mrs. Baxter, who  
had known so many disappointments  
and bereavements, looked forward with  
pleasure to her bright prospects. But  
in all this there was still another disap-  
pointment for her. She was attacked by  
a fatal disease two months ago,  
when about to remove to her mansion.  
She died on the 11th of November, 1887.

## Nationality of European Monarchs.

It is a curious fact that there is hardly  
a reigning monarch in Europe whose  
family is of the same nationality, pur-  
suing, as the people governed. The  
house of Austria is really the house of  
Lorraine, and even in their origin the  
Habsburgs were Swiss. And if the  
Emperor Francis Joseph be not, strict-  
ly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he  
a Hungarian, although he is king of  
Hungary. The king of the Belgians is  
a Saxe-Coburg; the king of Denmark a  
Holsteiner; the infant monarch of Spain  
is a Bourbon; the king of Italy a Savo-  
yard; the king of Roumania and Prince  
Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreign-  
ers; the founder of the Bernadotte dy-  
nasty of Sweden was born at Pan less  
than a century and a quarter ago; the  
car is a Holstein Gottorp, and the king  
of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner.  
Even in the British royal family there  
is very little English blood left. The  
Hohenzollerns were originally Swabians,  
and therefore partly Bavarian and part-  
ly Swiss. Neither was the historic house  
of Orange, in which patriotism has  
nearly always been the first instinct,  
Dutch to begin with.

## Puzzled Lamba.

It is said that so acute is the sheep's  
sense of hearing, that she can distin-  
guish the cry of her own lamb among a  
thousand others, all bleating at the  
same time; and the lamb is able to re-  
cognize its mother's voice, even though  
it be in the midst of a large flock.  
James Hogg, who was a shepherd as  
well as a poet, tells that it is very amu-  
sing to watch the sheep and lambs dur-  
ing the shearing season. While the  
sheep were being shorn, the lambs  
would be put into a fold by themselves,  
and the former be sent to join their  
little ones as soon as the operation of  
shearing is over. The moment a lamb  
heard its mother's voice it would hasten  
from the fold to meet her. Instead of  
finding the "rough well-clad mamma"  
which it had left a short time before, it  
would meet a strange and most deplor-  
able looking creature. At the sight of  
this it would wheel about, uttering a  
most piteous cry of despair. Soon,  
however, the sheep's voice was heard  
again; the lamb would thereupon turn,  
and sometimes repeat this conduct, for  
ten or a dozen times before it fully in-  
terested that the shorn ewe was in  
reality its mother.

Mosquitoes are accused by Professor  
A. F. A. King, of originating and dis-  
seminating malarial disease.

## A DELINQUENT ELEPHANT.

A Slight at the Palace of Mandalay  
—A Boast in Disgrace.

Many were the sights I witnessed in  
and out of the palace of Mandalay, but  
nothing struck my attention so much  
as the number of trained elephants,  
lately belonging to the deposed mon-  
arch, and the splendid quarters in  
which they were located, and my sur-  
prise was still more increased when I  
was introduced to and entered into  
conversation with the gentleman who  
presided over this extensive establish-  
ment. He turned out to be a real  
native of the Isle of Wight. The white  
or mouse-colored elephant was there of  
course, but "how are the mighty fal-  
len." He was no longer in a magnifi-  
cent pavilion, alone in his grandeur,  
surrounded by many servitors of the  
king; on the contrary, he was in a stall  
like the rest of the beasts, and, if any-  
thing, less noticed than many of his  
finer brethren.

One more anecdote about this won-  
derful beast, and I have done with ele-  
phants. Shortly before our arrival one  
of these animals had greatly disgraced  
himself by refusing to carry a certain  
weight of goods which had been piled  
on his back. There is the regulation  
weight, and the beasts know to an  
ounce what they ought to carry, and if  
any one of the mahouts attempt to put  
a surplus amount on his or their backs  
it is immediately shot on to the ground.  
The animal in question had been duly  
laden with a weight which was under  
the regulation scale; but although it  
had been twice weighed, as Mrs. Camp  
would say, before his own eyes, he still  
refused to carry it. This was too much  
for even his indulgent driver, so he ac-  
cordingly reported, and just as we ar-  
rived he was about to be tried for his  
extraordinary and obstinate conduct.

Several elephants were led out into a  
large courtyard, forming a kind of cir-  
cle round the delinquent, who seemed  
already to feel his position acutely, for  
he glanced anxiously from time to time  
at his mahout, who was visibly affected  
and who stood at his head. A Karen  
presided over the court-martial and  
read aloud the indictment against the  
offender, the elephants which constituted  
the jury apparently listening with  
great attention. After the statement  
was finished and the mahout examined,  
who, by the way, gave his evidence  
with great reluctance, the Karen de-  
cided that the case had been distinctly  
proved and the culprit was adjudged  
the punishment of twenty strokes.  
Upon the announcement of the verdict  
the jury marched in a most solemn  
manner to a distant part of the yard  
and returned with a switch about as  
large as a fair sized scaffold pole. In  
the meantime the mahout had been ad-  
dressing the offender, who was now  
weeping copiously, large drops of tears  
falling from his eyes, and occasionally a  
shrill and peculiar sound issued from  
his capacious throat.

The executioners of the law were at  
hand and stood about twelve to four-  
teen feet apart, each balancing with  
peculiar nicety in his trunk the afore-  
said switch. The culprit was led up to  
the place, and as he passed number one  
there was a sound heard which resem-  
bled somewhat a sharp clap of thunder;  
it was the first blow delivered by the  
dread myrmidons of the law. The  
blow was followed by a sharp, shrill  
scream, although there was evidently  
an attempt on the part of the culprit to  
suppress any exhibition of pain. This  
punishment continued until the whole  
of the sentence had been carried out.  
Although I felt considerable sympathy  
with the unfortunate delinquent, I was  
at the same time intensely amused with  
the thorough business like air with  
which these ministers of justice carried  
out the sentence. There were no light  
blows delivered; but, as a matter of  
fact, each elephant determined to ad-  
minister a heavier amount of punish-  
ment than his neighbor, and the sly  
twinkle in the eye as the blow was de-  
livered was a sight to see.

## Children in Winter.

Taking the children out is a very es-  
sential and much-neglected matter.  
Boisterous winds and an out-door tem-  
perature of less than twenty-five degrees  
makes it necessary that a sheltered spot  
shall be sought for the airing; if, how-  
ever, it is impossible to do as here sug-  
gested and the little folks must remain  
in the house day after day, let them be  
kept in the sunny room of the house,  
and if the house happens to have no  
sunny room in it, remember this, and  
when changing get a house with at least  
one sunny room. Twenty-five cents  
invested in a thermometer to hang in  
the room in which the children are kept  
will be a very good investment. For  
the sitting-room a temperature of  
seventy degrees would do very well; in  
the sleeping-room a temperature of ten  
degrees less than that just mentioned  
would be right. When the rooms be-  
come too warm admit the outer air by  
lowering the window sash one inch  
from the top, and raising it the same  
from the bottom. Drafts of air through  
any apartment are very undesirable.

## THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

The Blending of the Two Great  
Divisions of Modern  
Fiction.

Justin McCarthy, M. P., has given  
the Birkbeck Institute a lecture on  
"Modern Fiction," in its two great  
divisions of the real and the ideal,  
claiming that the two must be blended  
in every true work of art. A great  
many years ago, he said, when he was  
beginning his literary career in London,  
he used to come down the river as far  
as Blackfriars Bridge at all seasons and  
in all weathers, and he never came  
near to the bridge without observing  
the magnificent dome of St. Paul's.  
He would go into one of the niches and  
lose himself in the singular beauty of  
the noble dome, rising out of the mist  
or gilded by the sunlight. It was  
always beautiful and always touching,  
no matter what the weather might be.  
Seen dimly shrouding through fog or mist  
it had a certain charm, because it seem-  
ed to be like some building in a distant  
phantom city of which you could only  
imagine a dim outline. When he look-  
ed around him and saw the hurrying  
crowds of people and heard the noise,  
the tumult, the incessant tramping,  
the constant talk of the passers-by, it  
seemed to him a sort of poetic duty to  
lift himself, for a few moments at least,  
out of the commonplace of life and  
have a sort of communion with that  
ideal world which was floating high  
above him. The object of his discourse  
was to discuss the two points of view  
from which such a picture could be  
looked at; to consider whether the real  
and ideal, object ought to be brought  
into juxtaposition or to be compared  
and contrasted with each other to make  
a true picture, whether in life or in art.  
The very dome of St. Paul's would not  
be so beautiful were it not for the bust-  
ling crowd below nor would the crowd  
seem so real without the calm dome  
above.

In English literature there is a con-  
stant rotation of the ideal and the real,  
one generation running wild after the  
ideal and the next generation taking up  
the most absolute realism. When  
Dante in his ideal fiction made men  
and women talk the most magnificent  
language in the course of daily life a  
reaction necessarily followed, and  
Dickens came to the London of the  
poor and made it his business to study  
the lives of the common people among  
them and to idealize those as well as he  
could consistently with realism. He  
made a fairy tale of London poverty  
by inventing a kind of happy land in  
which deserving poverty always found  
its reward, while the wrong-doer was  
invariably punished. After Bulwer's  
extravagant idealism and Dickens' ex-  
travagant realism it was time to take  
up the phase of London life which  
neither of these had touched, and the  
idea suggested itself to Thackeray.

He saw a world in the West End;  
people with petty troubles and emotions  
to-day which are only a memory to-  
morrow. As the tendency of each kind  
of fiction is to find imitation before re-  
action, Dickens and Thackeray found a  
host of imitators. One of these, An-  
thony Trollope, followed Thackeray, but  
in a fashion distinctly his own, discard-  
ing all Thackeray's romantic feeling  
and pathos. The next development  
was the sensational story, with its mur-  
ders, mysteries and fearful disclosures.  
Some of these novels were written after  
the manner of comedies, and they  
left the reader no time in which to take  
breath to criticize or to make observa-  
tions. Then people became disposed for  
a sudden and new departure, and the